

# The Musical World.

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## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### HER MAJESTY'S PRIVATE BAND.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—After the offer you have made of your columns being open to myself, or any aggrieved party, I need not make any apology for troubling you.

From the false reports which Mr. Anderson is spreading about (much to my disadvantage), I think it right that the musical public should know as much of the nature of the cause of my dismissal from Her Majesty's Private Band as may be gleaned from the following letters.

The endeavour on the part of Mr. Anderson to rest the harshness of the treatment I have received wholly on Colonel Phipps, is a mean attempt to evade the censure which justly belongs to himself; and, although he may be clever enough to escape in the world the odium of the action, from its comparative secretness, still I have had too many proofs of his vindictiveness to doubt his present intention to ruin me in the eyes of the Court and the world. With the former he possibly has succeeded, but I trust the public is not so influenced. Leaving, therefore, my cause with the hope of an impartial judgment,

I am, Sir, your obliged servant,

April 19th, 1855.

EDMUND CHIPP.

(COPY.)

1.

August 26th, 1854.

DEAR SIR,—I have now been a member of her Majesty's Private Band upwards of ten years, and at the time I entered it, there was a promise made by you that the salary then granted me of £100 per annum, should in course of time be raised to the same amount as enjoyed by the other members, viz., £130.

I now feel, from the time I have been in her Majesty's service, and from the zealous and punctual manner in which I have ever endeavoured to attend to the duties required of me, that I ought to remind you of a promise, which possibly, from the lapse of time and your numerous engagements, you may have forgotten.

When I first became a member of her Majesty's Private Band, I was but young, and without ties, and the salary, although moderate, was then adequate. Now, however, having a family to educate and provide for in life, the case is very different.

I have had several offers of settling in the country; but up to the present time I have declined them, as I prefer, if my position is made such as I consider I am entitled to, remaining in London.

Knowing that your influence is such that you can further the request of one in whose welfare you have often professed to feel an interest,

I am, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

EDMUND CHIPP.

To G. F. Anderson, Esq.

2.

Osborne, September 9th, 1854.

DEAR SIR,—In acknowledging the receipt of your letter, I must confess myself much surprised at its contents, and the tone of the document altogether. And you must excuse me if I tell you candidly that I do not consider that I offered you a very moderate salary of £100 per annum, because you were young; on the contrary, I know that I engaged you on a very liberal salary. The terms I gave you were very handsome; and you were only too anxious to obtain the appointment,

and your father expressed himself most grateful to me for having got you the situation.

I cannot enter further into this matter till we meet at Windsor (if we do meet there) than to request that you will not for one moment hesitate to accept one, or any, of the "frequent appointments of settling in the country" whenever such may occur, as I can only repeat that which I have very often expressed to you—viz., that I shall only be too happy to see you better yourself, and that your resignation of the appointments you now hold as Musician to Her Majesty will be immediately accepted, when anything more advantageous to your interest may be offered to you. With kind regards,

Believe me, dear Sir, yours very truly,

To E. Chipp, Esq.

G. F. ANDERSON.

3.

October 7th, 1854.

DEAR SIR,—When I first received your note I considered it best to do as you wished, and leave the discussion of its contents until our arrival at Windsor, but upon further reflection I do not see why I should not express (prior to that interview) how much I feel hurt and surprised at the manner in which you have treated a request, which I neither consider unreasonable nor without claim.

You certainly spared no pains to wound my feelings, but in no respect have you replied to the main purport of my note. You seem to misconstrue my words in more ways than one:—for instance, I never in my former note intimated that I was not glad when I received (nearly eleven years since) the appointment; on the contrary, having been in the Royal service the greater part of my life (I entered the Chapel Royal before I was eight years old), I very naturally feel some predilection for it, but I cannot be content to remain only in the position I occupied in my twenty-first year; there would be no progression in that; and I think you must acknowledge that the spur to labour is the hope of advancement.

You seem to throw a doubt upon my having had offers to settle in the country, but I should have no trouble to prove the truth of my words.

I am not one to take a mean advantage, unless it is forced upon me, therefore I shall be at Windsor as usual, and then I trust we shall come to some more satisfactory settlement, as I do not consider the salary I at present receive so "very liberal."

I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

To G. F. Anderson, Esq.

EDMUND CHIPP.

4.

April 13th, 1855.

SIR,—In justice to myself, and with all due respect to you, I consider I should be wanting in a proper spirit of honourable pride, if I refrained from addressing a letter of explanation to you, on the subject of my late abrupt dismissal from Her Majesty's service.

My character being seriously affected, I feel that I must not neglect anything which may be the means of eradicating from your mind the idea that I have acted in a manner unworthy of the estimation with which I have been hitherto regarded, by all with whom I have been connected, or that I have, knowingly, behaved unbecomingly to Her Majesty.

It is quite necessary, to the proper understanding of the whole affair, that I should bring before your notice, letters which have passed between Mr. Anderson and myself, the first of which is dated August 26th, 1854. You will, by that note, perceive that there was a promise made when I first entered Her Majesty's Private Band, however Mr. Anderson may now deny it.

You will, I think, hardly wonder that Mr. Anderson's reply to that note called forth another from me. Here the matter rested for some weeks, but during an interview with Mr. Anderson at Windsor Castle in October, at which, when he discovered that I possessed no written proof of his promise, he denied he had made it. Only now discovering

the FRIEND I had to deal with, I felt how wrong I had been to trust to mere words.

In January the letter signed "Truth" appeared in the *Musical World*. Mr. Anderson accused me of being the writer—an accusation, which, being innocent, I strongly denied, and he appeared to believe me. In a few days, however, I found he was asserting to others that he was convinced it was my production, and then thought proper to confirm this assertion by contemptuously returning a trifling present I had made him some years before. I immediately wrote to the Editor of the paper, asking him to deny my having written the letter in question. This may have been an act of indiscretion, but my word being doubted by Mr. Anderson, who ought to have been aware from his long knowledge of myself and parents, that I was incapable of an untruth, I felt that I had no other course open but to appeal to the Editor of the paper to confirm my denial of the authorship of the letter in question.

I must beg further to trouble you with a short statement of two other instances in which I conceive myself greatly aggrieved by Mr. Anderson's conduct. In the summer of 1847, at Mr. Anderson's request, I acted as deputy organist to Her Majesty's Private Chapel, and after I had continued in that capacity some little time, Mr. Anderson enquired what salary I received as organist at Mr. Montgomery's Chapel. I replied £40 per annum. Mr. A. then enquired whether I should be satisfied with the same sum at Her Majesty's Private Chapel, to which I at once assented; whereupon Mr. A. distinctly promised me the appointment; but afterwards, without the slightest reason or explanation, procured the appointment of Mr. Cusins, his own nephew, to the situation. Again, at Mr. Anderson's request, I prepared the design, which was afterwards adopted, for the new organ for the Private Chapel at Windsor Castle, for which design I believe Mr. A. took credit as his own, and never either acknowledged my assistance, or even asked me to inspect it when erected.

When I left Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James's, where I had been upwards of eight years, I received presents of money and a book from the Bishop of London; and testimonials of good conduct from Mr. Hawes, master of the choristers; Dr. Heath, Sub-Dean, Chapel Royal; and the Rev. J. V. Povah. I have had many more since from men of position and eminence, among them the Honourable and Rev. C. L. Courtenay, who had known me as doing duty both in the band and Private Chapel.

I have stated these circumstances fully, not with any view of seeking to be reinstated in a situation which I could never again hold under Mr. Anderson, after what has transpired, but solely with a wish to clear myself from any imputations of improper or disloyal conduct.

Trusting, Sir, I have succeeded in this object,

I have the honour to be,

Your obedient Servant,

EDMUND CHIPP.

To Col. the Honourable C. B. Phipps.

5.

April 17th, 1855.

SIR,—I think it right to forward you a copy of a letter which I have sent to Col. Phipps, fully explaining the circumstances which led, through you, to my dismissal from the Private Band.

The act for which I have ostensibly been deprived of my position in the Royal Service, viz., the publication of a letter in my own exoneration was, as you are well aware, a course forced upon me by your own ungentlemanly conduct.

Under no circumstances whatever could I again hold office under a man who has forfeited his word and all title to respect; and my only object in writing to you now is in order to shew you that I am fully aware of the motives under which you have acted all through.

In order that my character may stand right with the public as well as with my private friends, I shall publish the whole circumstances under which I have been dismissed from H.M. Service, and leave the public to judge upon whom the odium ought to fall.

To G. F. Anderson, Esq.

EDMUND CHIPP.

#### THE IMPERIAL VISIT.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR,—In the programme of entertainments provided for the occasion of the visit to England of their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of the French, one is surprised at the total absence of all that is English (as far as art is concerned) in the means adopted to amuse the guests of Royalty during their short sojourn. It will be urged, that the non-existence of an English Opera Company of adequate importance, enforces the necessity of a performance being given by the Royal Italians; that the fact of the German band at the Crystal Palace being already embodied, compels the directors to avail themselves of

the same. These excuses may or may not be very plausible, by way of argument; but most unquestionably would it have been more satisfactory to the nation, and more complimentary to those for whose amusement the performances are intended, had native artists been employed instead of those who, being strangers in this country, cannot be supposed to participate in the feeling which induces the English as a nation to welcome the representative of the French.

Moreover, consider the anomaly of the additional verses to the National Anthem (written for the occasion in honour of the august visitors) being sung by foreigners! It may be said, there was not time to provide any other performances. The excuse would, however, be futile, seeing there would be no obstacle to an English musical entertainment being organised either at the Crystal Palace or Covent Garden Theatre. I am not adverse to the cordial reception always accorded to foreign artists by this country; far from it: let artists and real genius be supported and encouraged wherever they may present themselves; but, on an occasion like the present, some effort should surely be made by those in whose power it lies to protect and endeavour to uphold native talent, and not allow it to be superseded by those who cannot be as much (if, in fact, they are at all) interested in the national proceedings of the moment. I will merely add that, should our Queen visit France, the means employed to celebrate the event will place those of which our Government has availed itself in sad contradistinction.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

D. B.

April 17, 1855.

#### LOHENGRIN:

A ROMANTIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS, BY

RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 226.)

#### SCENE III.

During the following lines, the swan with the skiff comes right up to the bank. LOHENGRIN, leaning on his sword, is standing in the skiff, in a suit of silver armour, with his helmet on his head, his shield slung on his back, and a small horn at his side.

ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN. (*Turning towards the front, in a state of the greatest amazement.*) A wonder, a wonder, a wonder! Ah! an unheard-of wonder, never witnessed before! We greet thee, we greet thee, Heaven-sent hero! (*ELSA has turned round, and, perceiving LOHENGRIN, uttered a loud cry of delight. FRIEDRICH looks on LOHENGRIN in silence. OTRUD, who, during the whole trial, has preserved a haughty bearing, is seized with deadly fear on beholding LOHENGRIN and the swan, and, during the following scene, gazes fixedly upon the stranger. As LOHENGRIN prepares to leave the skiff, the loud rejoicing of the people is changed into the most attentive silence.*)

LOHENGRIN. (*With one foot still in the skiff, and bowing to the Swan.*) Now be thanked, my beloved swan! retire up the broad stream again; return once more to our happiness! Therefore let our service be truly performed! Farewell, farewell, my dear swan. (*The Swan turns the skiff round, and swims back up the stream; LOHENGRIN looks after it pensively for a short time.*)

THE MEN AND WOMEN. (*Greatly moved, and in the softest whisper.*) What a sweet and blissful terror seizes on us! What a propitious power holds us spell-bound! How handsome and majestic is he who has brought such a wonder to the land!

LOHENGRIN. (*Who has advanced slowly and solemnly into the foreground, bowing to the King.*) Hail, King Henry! May God stand full of blessings near thy sword! Thy name, great and glorious, shall never fade from the earth.

KING. Thanks! If I rightly guess the power that has brought thee to this land, thou comest sent from Heaven!

LOHENGRIN. (*Advancing still further into the middle.*) I am sent to fight for a maiden accused of a heavy crime; at present, let me see if I have met with her! Speak, then, Elsa von Brabant! If I was appointed thy champion, wilt thou, without fear and terror, trust thyself to my protection?

ELSA. (*Who, since she beheld LOHENGRIN, has stood motionless as if under the influence of some sweet spell, with her eyes fixed upon him, as if aroused by his address, and overcome by feelings of joy, sinks at his feet.*) My hero! my saviour! Take me! I give thee all that I am!

LOHENGRIN. If I conquer for thee in the combat, wilt thou take me for thy husband?

ELSA. As I lie here before thy feet, do I freely give thee body and soul.

LOHENGRIN. Elsa, if I am to bear the name of thy husband; if I am to defend thy land and people for thee; if nothing is ever to tear me

away from thee; thou must swear one thing. Never to ask, nor wish to know, whence I came, and what my name and race!

ELSA. Never, Lord, will I ask the question.

LOHENGRIN. Elsa, hast thou well understood me? Thou wilt never ask, nor wish to know, whence I came, or what my name and race!

ELSA. (*Looking up to him with the greatest ardour.*) My protector! my angel! my saviour! who believest firmly in my innocence! What greater crime of doubt could there be, than that which would deprive me of my faith in thee? As thou protectest me in my distress, so will I truly obey thy commands!

LOHENGRIN. (*Moved and delighted, raising ELSA, and pressing her to his breast.*) Elsa, I love thee!

KING, MEN, AND WOMEN. (*Moved and in a low voice.*) What pleasing wonder must I behold! Is it magic that has seized on me? I feel my heart melt within me when I look on that most comely man!

LOHENGRIN. (*Who, after solemnly delivering up ELSA to the KING's protection, advances slowly into the middle of the stage.*) Listen! To you, people and nobles, I declare that Elsa von Brabant is free from all crime. That thy charge, Count von Telramund, is false, the judgment of Heaven will decide!

BRABANT NOBLES. (*At first a few, then gradually more and more, in a low voice to FRIEDRICH.*) Renounce the combat! If thou attemptest it, thou wilt never be able to conquer! If he is protected by the highest power, say: What wilt thy valiant sword avail thee? Renounce it! We warn thee, in all good faith! Defeat and bitter remorse await thee!

FRIEDRICH. (*Who has hitherto fixed a scrutinising look uninterceptedly on LOHENGRIN, after a passionate inward struggle, which in the end gives way to resolution.*) Rather death than cowardice! Whatever magic may have brought thee hither, stranger, that comest so boldly to affront me, thy proud menaces do not move me in the least, since I was never inclined to falsehood. I accept, therefore, the combat, and trust for victory in the due course of justice!

LOHENGRIN. Now, O King, arrange the order of our contest!

KING. Well, then, let three of you step forward for each combatant, and carefully measure off the lists for the fight. (*Three Saxon nobles step forward for LOHENGRIN, and three Brabant nobles for FRIEDRICH. They measure off the lists with solemn steps, and mark them off with their spears.*)

HERALD. (*Standing in the middle, and addressing those around.*) Listen, and mark well. No one shall interrupt the combat. Keep away from the enclosure, for whoever does not preserve the rights of peace, shall, if a free man, atone for his offence with the loss of his hand; and, if a serf, of his head.

ALL THE MEN. Let the freeman atone for his offence with his hand, and the serf with his head!

THE HERALD. (*To LOHENGRIN and FRIEDRICH.*) Do you, too, listen, you combatants before the court! Observe truthfully the rules of the fight! Do not by stratagems and deceptions of evil sorcery disturb the quality of judgment. God judges you according to the right; therefore, trust in him, and not in your own strength!

LOHENGRIN AND FRIEDRICH. May God judge me according to the right! therefore, I trust in him, and not in my own strength.

KING. (*Advancing solemnly into the middle.*) O thou, my Lord and God, I now call upon thee to be present at this combat! By the victory of the sword pronounce a judgment that shall clearly show the falsehood and the truth. To the arm of the Pure One give a hero's strength, and let the strength of the False One be numbed; O, help us, God, on this occasion, as our wisdom is but simplicity!

ELSA AND LOHENGRIN. O my Lord and God, thou wilt declare thy true judgment, therefore I do not fear.

FRIEDRICH. I encounter thy judgment in all truth, Lord God; do not desert my honour!

ORTUD. I reckon firmly upon the strength, which always gains victory for him in the fight.

ALL THE MEN. To the arm of the Pure One give a hero's strength, and let the strength of the False One be numbed; thus pronounce to us thy judgment, O, Lord and God; only do not delay! (*On a signal from the HERALD, the trumpeters sound a long challenge. The KING draws his sword out of the earth and strikes his shield three times as it hangs upon the tree. At the first stroke, LOHENGRIN and FRIEDRICH take their places; at the second, they draw their swords and put themselves in position; and, at the third, they begin the combat. After several desperate encounters, LOHENGRIN strikes down his opponent with a blow.*)

LOHENGRIN. (*Placing his sword upon FRIEDRICH's throat.*) By the victory of God, thy life is at present mine! I give it thee; mayest thou dedicate it to repentance! (*The KING leads ELSA to LOHENGRIN,*

*on whose breast she falls in ecstasy. On FRIEDRICH's fall, the Saxons and Thuringians take their swords out of the ground, and the Brabanters, on the other side, theirs. The nobles and men rush joyfully into the open space, which is soon completely occupied by the crowd.*)

ELSA. O that I could find songs of joy equal to thy fame, and which, worthy of praising thee, were rich in highest praise! In thee must I melt away; before thee I die for bliss! If ever I am destined to be happy, take all that I am!

LOHENGRIN. I have gained the victory through thy purity alone! Now shalt thou be richly recompensed for what thou hast suffered.

FRIEDRICH. (*Writhing painfully on the ground.*) Woe! God has conquered me; through him have I lost the victory! I must despair of happiness; my honour and reputation are gone!

ORTUD. (*Who has witnessed with rage the fall of FRIEDRICH.*) Who is it that has conquered him, and through whom I am powerless? Must I despair, on his account—are all my hopes ruined?

KING, MEN, AND WOMEN. Sing loud airs of praise to the victor! Glory to thy voyage! Hail to thy coming! Hail to thy race, protector of the Pure One! Thee alone do we sing; for thee do our songs resound! Never will another hero like thee visit this land! (*The Saxons raise LOHENGRIN upon his shield, while the Brabanters place ELSA upon that of the KING, having previously thrown their cloaks over it, and both are in this manner carried off amid shouts of joy. The curtain falls.*)

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Within the Castle of Antwerp. In the middle of the background, the Palace (knights' dwelling); in the foreground, to the left, the "Kemenate," (women's dwelling); to the right, in the foreground, the door of the Cathedral; on the same side, in the background, the door of the tower. It is night. The windows of the Palace are brilliantly illuminated. The merry strains of trumpets and sackbuts are heard from within. On the steps of the Cathedral door, FRIEDRICH and ORTRUD are seated in worn and sad-coloured garments. ORTRUD, with her arm resting upon her knee, keeps her eye uninterceptedly fixed upon the lighted windows of the Palace. FRIEDRICH looks gloomily upon the ground. A long silence.

FRIEDRICH. (*Hastily rising.*) Rise, partner of my disgrace! The young day must no longer find us here.

ORTUD. (*Without changing her position.*) I cannot go; I am spell-bound. Let me, from out this splendour of our enemies' feast, imbibe a terrible and deadly poison, that shall end their joy, and our disgrace!

FRIEDRICH. (*Coming up to ORTRUD with frowning look.*) Thou dreadful woman! What keeps me still spell-bound in thy presence? Why do I not leave thee alone, and fly far, far, far away—where my conscience would again find repose? Through thee it was I lost my honour and my reputation; never again shall praise be lavished on me; disgrace is my heroism! I have been placed under the ban; my sword lies shattered; my coat of arms is broken; and my paternal hearth is cursed! Wherever I turn I am condemned and shunned; even the robber flies me, that my look may not pollute him. O, since I am so unhappy, would that I had chosen death. My honour have I lost! my honour, my honour is departed!

[*Falls in a fit of wild anguish on the ground. Horns and sackbuts are again heard within the Palace.*]

ORTUD. (*Still in her former position, and after a long pause, without looking at FRIEDRICH, who has slowly raised himself from the ground.*) What makes thee give vent to such wild lamentations?

FRIEDRICH. (*With a violent and menacing gesture.*) To think that I am even deprived of the weapon with which I might kill thee!

ORTUD. (*With calm contempt.*) Peaceful Count von Telramund! why dost thou mistrust me?

FRIEDRICH. Dost thou ask? Was it not thy testimony, thy information, which inveigled me into accusing the Pure One? Didst thou not falsely say that, in the gloomy wood, at home, thou beheldest her, from thy wild castle, commit the crime? How, with thine own eyes, thou sawest Elsa herself drowning her brother in the water? Didst thou not ensnare my proud heart by the prophecy that Radbod's ancient princely tree would be green again and rule in Brabant? Didst thou not thus prevail on me to renounce the pure hand of Elsa, and take thee as my wife, because thou wast Radbod's last offspring?

ORTUD. (*In a low voice.*) Ah! how mortally dost thou insult me! (*Aloud.*) All this—aye—all this I said and told thee!

FRIEDRICH. And madest me, whose name was highly honoured, and whose way of life was looked upon as a model of the highest virtue, the infamous partner of thy lies?

ORTUD. (*Arrogantly.*) Who lied!

FRIEDRICH. Thou! Has not God, by his judgment, stricken me for it?

ORTUD. (*With terrible scorn.*) God?



FRIEDRICH. Horrible! How fearfully does that name sound in thy mouth!

ORTRUD. Ah! dost thou name thy cowardice God!

FRIEDRICH. Ortrud!

ORTRUD. Wilt thou threaten me? Threaten me—a woman? O, coward! Had'st thou but threatened so furiously him who sent thee forth to misery, thou would'st have reaped victory, instead of shame! Ah! a man who only knew *how* to meet him, would have found him weaker than a child!

FRIEDRICH. The weaker he might be, the more powerfully would God's strength fight for him!

ORTRUD. God's strength! Ha, ha! Give me but power here for a single day, and I will assuredly show thee what a feeble god protects him.

FRIEDRICH. (*Starting with inward terror.*) Thou wild prophetess! Wilt thou again mysteriously ensnare my spirit?

ORTRUD. (*Pointing to the palace, in which the lights have been extinguished.*) The revellers lay themselves down in voluptuous repose. Sit by my side. The hour has come for my prophetic eye to enlighten thee! (*During what follows, FRIEDRICH approaches nearer and nearer to ORTRUD, as if attracted by some unholy power, and bends down, so that his ear is close to her.*)

ORTRUD. Dost thou know who is this hero, whom a swan has drawn to the land?

FRIEDRICH. No.

ORTRUD. What would'st thou give to know it, when I tell thee that if he is compelled to say what are his name and race, all his power, with which a magic charm laboriously endows him, is at an end?

FRIEDRICH. Ha! then indeed I understand his prohibition!

ORTRUD. Now listen! No one here has the power to tear the secret from him, except her whom he so strictly forbade ever to ask the question.

FRIEDRICH. Our task would be then to entrap Elsa into breaking his prohibition?

ORTRUD. Ha! how well and quickly thou see'st my meaning!

FRIEDRICH. But how can we accomplish it?

ORTRUD. Listen! above all things, we must not quit this place: therefore sharpen thy wits! In order to awake in her just suspicion, step forth and accuse him of having deceived his judges by magic!

FRIEDRICH (*with increasing rage*). Ha! deception and magic spells!

ORTRUD. If thou art unsuccessful, there is still a course of violence!

FRIEDRICH. Violence!

ORTRUD. It is not in vain that I am acquainted with the secret arts; therefore, mark well my words! Every being that is powerful through magic, should the smallest member be torn from his body, immediately becomes powerless, as he is.

FRIEDRICH. Ha! If thou but speak'st the truth!

ORTRUD. Oh, if in the combat thou hadst but lopped off a finger—aye—even the joint of a finger—this hero would have been in thy power!

FRIEDRICH. (*Wildly.*) Horrible! Ha! what do I hear! I imagined I was stricken by the arm of God—the judges allowed themselves to be fooled with trickery, while I lost my honour by magic! And yet thou sayest I shall be able to avenge my shame? that I can prove my truth? that I may dispel the wiles of her paramour and regain my honour? O woman, whom thus I see before me in the night! If thou now deceivest me, woe, woe, to thee!

ORTRUD. Ha! how madly dost thou rage!—be only calm and collected, and I will teach thee the sweet pleasures of revenge! (*FRIEDRICH seats himself by ORTRUD on the steps.*)

ORTRUD AND FRIEDRICH. Let me now, out of the wild night of my breast, swear to accomplish the work of revenge. For you, who are lost in such sweet sleep, O, know that destruction wakes!

#### SCENE II.

ELSA, in white robes, appears in the balcony of the "Kemenate," and leans over the breast-work. FRIEDRICH and ORTRUD are still sitting on the steps of the Cathedral opposite.

ELSA. Ye breezes, that my lamentations have often swelled so mournfully, I must tell you with gratitude how my happiness has been achieved. By your means was he drawn hither, and you smiled upon his voyage. On wild sea waves you faithfully preserved him. I have often troubled you to dry my tears; now bring coolness to my cheek, glowing with love!

ORTRUD. It is she!

FRIEDRICH. Elsa.

ORTRUD. She shall curse the hour in which my glance beheld her! Away—retire a short distance!

FRIEDRICH. Why?

ORTRUD. She is for me—her hero may belong to thee.

[FRIEDRICH retires into the background.]

ORTRUD. (*In her former position, in a loud plaintive voice.*) Elsa! Elsa. (*After a pause.*) Who calls? How dread and mournful sounds my name through the night!

ORTRUD. Elsa! Is my voice so strange to thee? Wilt thou entirely disown the unhappy wretch thou sendest forth to distant misery?

ELSA. Ortrud! is it thou?—What art thou doing here, thou miserable woman?

ORTRUD. . . . Miserable woman? Thou art indeed right to call me thus! In the distant solitude of the forest, where I lived quietly and peaceably—what did I do to thee? What did I do to thee? Joyless, and only bewailing the misfortune that long weighed down my race—what did I do to thee? What did I do to thee?

ELSA. In Heaven's name, why dost thou accuse me? Was it I who did thee injury?

ORTRUD. How could'st thou envy me the happiness of being chosen as the wife of one whom thou so readily did'st reject?

ELSA. All bounteous God, what does this mean?

ORTRUD. Although an unhappy delusion misled him to accuse thee, Pure One, of a crime, his heart is torn with remorse, and he is condemned to fearful penance.

ELSA. Just God!

ORTRUD. O, thou art happy!—after a short course of suffering, sweet with innocence, thou only see'st life under a smiling aspect; thou can'st happily separate from me, whom thou sendest after the track of death—may the dull semblance of my grief never enter thy castle!

ELSA. How little should I appreciate thy kindness, Almighty God, who hast rendered me so happy, if I spurned the misery which bows before me in the dust!—O, never will I!—Ortrud, wait! I myself will let thee in! (*She retires hastily into the "Kemenate."*)

ORTRUD. (*Springing up from the steps with wild enthusiasm.*) Desecrated gods! now assist my revenge! exact retribution for the disgrace to which you have been subjected! strengthen me in your holy service, and destroy the contemptible delusion of the Recreant! Wotan! thou strong one, I call upon thee! Freia! thou lofty one, hear me! Bless my deceit and hypocrisy, that my revenge may be complete!

[ELSA and two of her MAIDS, carrying torches, issue from the lower door of the "Kemenate."]

ELSA. Ortrud, where art thou?

ORTRUD. (*Throwing herself down abjectly before ELSA.*) Here, at thy feet!

ELSA. (*Starting back in affright.*) God help me! Is it thus I must behold thee, whom I have never seen but in pride and pomp? My heart is ready to break, at beholding thee thus humbled before me! Arise! O, spare thy prayers! If thou hatest me, I forgive thee; and what thou hast already suffered through me, I beg that thou wilt pardon too!

ORTRUD. May'st thou be rewarded for such goodness!

ELSA. I will also appeal to the loving heart of him who to-morrow becomes my husband, that he may show grace to Friedrich as well.

ORTRUD. Thou fetterest me with the bonds of gratitude.

ELSA. Let me see thee in the early morn! decked in costly robes shalt thou go with me to the cathedral: there I await my hero, to be made his wife before God.

ORTRUD. How can I repay thee for such kindness, impotent and wretched as I am? If I live in favour with thee, I shall never be aught but a beggar. I have only one power left, of which no edict has deprived me; by its means I may, perhaps, protect thy life, and preserve thee from the misery of remorse.

ELSA. What dost thou mean?

ORTRUD. I warn thee not to trust too blindly to thy fortune; that no harm may cast its net around thee, let me charge myself with thy future.

ELSA. What harm?

ORTRUD. Could'st thou understand how wonderful is his nature—may he never leave thee, as he came, by magic!

ELSA. (*Starts back from ORTRUD, and then turns again towards her, hesitatingly, with compassionate grief.*) O, most unhappy woman! thou wilt never be able to comprehend how free from doubt is the love of my heart! Thou hast, forsooth, never experienced the bliss which only results from faith! Enter with me. Let me teach thee how sweet is the joy of purest truth. Allow thyself to be converted to belief; there is one kind of happiness unattended by remorse!

ORTRUD. (*Aside.*) Ha! this pride shall teach me how to prevail against her truth; I will turn the weapons against him; let her arrogance bring forth repentance. (*ELSA conducts ORTRUD into the "Kemenate," the Maidens preceding them with the lights. The day*

has already begun to break. FRIEDRICH advances out of the back ground.)

FRIEDRICH. Thus does evil enter this house! Complete, wife, what thy wiles have begun. I feel no power to obstruct thy will! One object alone, ever reminding, do I see before my eyes: He who robbed me of my honour shall perish!

(To be continued.)

## A REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF MUSIC BEFORE MOZART.

(Continued from page 229.)

HAD the composers, from the fourteenth century, laid themselves out in melody, the art would have become stationary from the moment of its birth, as it was with the ancients, and as it is yet with every people which Europe has not drawn into the circle of its civilisation. Melody exercises such a powerful attraction, that once admitted into composition, the best heads among the musicians would have occupied themselves with it exclusively. But what could they have done for it? I ought, however, first to ask, whence could they receive it? Were they to borrow it from the people, as was done two centuries later, when such a loan could take place without danger, and even to the benefit of the art, already rich out of its own materials? But that would have been the ruin of music at the time of the oldest contrapuntists, since they never once possessed the means of accompanying the simplest tune. To a drinking song, they would have set some sort of a Greek bass, which the true musical sense of the hearers would have declared wrong; and then they would have sung and played it without any accompaniment. Art would have risen, or have retrograded, if you will, to the stand-point of the people; from that point no farther progress would have been possible; the doors would have remained walled up for ever. Dilettantism—which, like melody, was in the state of nature, and which at that time only grouped itself around the minstrels, troubadours, and other musicians who were no artists—would have exerted an imperious influence upon the works of the composers; purse in hand it would have demanded of them melody, and only melody, no matter whether good or bad; that which one has is always excellent, so long as he knows no other. What musician, who was an artist, could have resisted the demand of the public? Who would have puzzled his head to achieve a piece of canonical counterpoint, which nobody wanted, so long as gold, fame, and the satisfaction of writing things pleasant to the ear, were to be earned with so much smaller outlay? In this case the germ of learned music would have gone down in the popular music, and the art would have sunk never to rise again.

Thanks to the holy Cecilia, our blessed patron saint, that she in her high providence inspired the old doctors with that hatred for all that was not natural, whereby they steered clear of a rock, upon which all preceding systems of music had gone to wreck! For thousands of years had men wandered on the path of instinctive melodies, which were so attractive, so flowing, and always so unfruitful. With it have all the races of antiquity begun and ended. They cherished it from their savage state to the ages of their splendour, and even to the latest periods of their political existence. And what succeeded? Nothing that added any originality to the art of composition. Turn your eyes to Asia, and you there find nothing but a continuation of the same negative effects, proceeding from the same causes.

If a Rameau had only appeared in the times of a Dufay and a Binchois, who could have explained to them thorough bass and the formation of the chord by thirds placed one above the other; if other theorists had taught them the true scales and the diatonic harmony (the whole system of thirds, fourths, and fifths, in which the steps of the scale, major and minor, are contained), then they would have only needed to set themselves to work; the composers would have transformed themselves into musicians at once, and in ten years the art would have made more progress than in four centuries before. Let us confess, that all we know is exceedingly like the egg of Columbus; although there is this distinction between Columbus and Rameau, that, when the latter came, the egg was already standing on its point. He

would have taken good care not to have come before. If speculation ever supply the place of the labour of centuries, there would be nothing left for time to do. It was by routine and blind groping, then, that the musicians had to complete the theory of the chord and the involved relations; and nothing, I opine, could lead them thither with more certainty than the fundamental rules of the fugued system; nay, further—that alone could lead them there.

The rule of the canon imposed on the musician a constrained progression, which was predetermined by the proportional distances, the steps, and the special kind of imitation. The whole difficulty—which sometimes indeed was great—consisted in reconciling the problem with the little that was known of harmony or pure composition. To flatter the ear could not be the main business of the canonists, as we have said before; moreover, they feared to offend the ear by the two frequent uses of dissonances, and their scruples in this direction were carried to the greatest excess. Obeying thus a principle, which in itself had nothing in common with the rules of pure composition, they could not in the beginning always foresee to what results the canon would lead them, and so they stumbled as soon as they met any other combination of notes than the perfect major or minor chord. Among those unforeseen or accidental combinations, there were some which they thought tolerable in their dissonant steps as transition tones. Others, on the contrary, struck so hard upon the ear, that they were scarcely willing to let them pass under that title. The more the style of the canon became refined, the more discoveries they made in the category of tolerated chords; but so much the more, too, the painful chords multiplied, and it needed only this to wound in imagination ears which were afraid of everything that did not bear the name of consonances in the books. There was a multitude of cases, in which the rules of the canon, nay, those of harmony, said 'No.' That furnished matter enough for dispute. Which side was the one to take between two powers, both of which had exacted the oath of fidelity on the part of the musicians? To sacrifice harmony and split one's ears, for that they were no longer barbarous enough; to limit the laws of the canon, to disturb the symmetry that lay before their eyes, the mathematical exactness—they were too simple yet to think of that. But if they failed to bring these two points into harmony, then vanished all the merit of having conquered a difficulty, and the labour lost all value in the eyes of the judges.

Necessity is the mother of invention. They sought for outlets, and gradually, in the course of long ages, they found out preparations, resolutions, syncopes or tied notes, anticipations, retardations, the rules to which transition notes, holds (*fermatens*), etc., are subject—pure discoveries of the greatest importance, which at first passed for a sort of compromise between the demands of harmony and the wilful, but not the less unlimited caprices of the fugue. In these expedients of lofty composition our ancestors discerned a remedy, but by no means a nourishment for the ear; a remedy which they, as wise physicians, used with great moderation and caution. But when the ear had once tasted the forbidden fruit of dissonances, it accustomed itself so well to them in time, that what had been a cause of pain was transformed into a pleasure, and the technical into an æsthetic necessity. From that time forward dissonant intricacies, introduced purposely and multiplied through the satisfaction that they gave, became the soul of the improved contrapuntal music.

If I have not incorrectly expressed myself, the reader must have comprehended that the canon is the source of the whole wealth of harmony, and that such discoveries would never have been made if men had followed from the first the errors of the melodic style, or of per-inspiration.

After the canon had been used for some time by the adepts in music only to profane ends, and as a strange and interesting curiosity,\* it was admitted also into composition for the church. There it could unite itself with the Roman choral chant, which it afterwards—through a series of compromises, acceptable so far as the form was concerned, but destructive to the substance—

\* The oldest canon, cited by Burney, is composed to a secular text; "Sumer is iucmen in, Lhude sing Cuccu."

expelled from its unlimited dominion. The choral song was to keep on singing the middle part, note by note, as it had always been done, whilst the canon claims for itself the other voices. Out of this tradition grew the oldest form of church works, so far as counterpoint was concerned; the *canto fermo* was still clearly distinguishable throughout; but then came the manifold alternations of the canon, which, steadily multiplying, covered up and, at last, utterly suppressed the voice of the traditional chant. The effect was to raise a wall of separation, not existing for the eyes alone, between the ear and the church song: soon the musicians allowed themselves to set a middle part of their own invention, and still oftener popular melodies, in its place. The practice of founding the entire music of a mass upon an altogether profane song is almost as old as the origin of counterpoint. Kiesewetten, who has reinstated the Flemish or Belgian school in the glorious rights of the higher antiquity, of which other historical inquirers had deprived it, gives us examples of the labours of a Dufay, an Eloy, and a Fangles—the heads of a school before Ockenheim—who were the first to whom the name of composers could be attached without undue exaggeration. Dufay, the oldest of these three, wrote a mass upon the song, "L'Homme Armé." Josquin, the hero of the fifteenth, and Palestrina, the hero of the sixteenth century, have written their most learned, if not their most beautiful, church compositions upon the same song.

Burney expresses himself very strongly about this practice. "Is there anything," says he, "more absurd and disgusting than to let the mass be sung to street and tavern tunes?" These are remarks about which an intelligent man must be on his guard, precisely because everybody makes them. In the first place, the learned doctor should have considered that this custom, profane and absurd as it may appear, maintained itself for three centuries; which, for an absurdity, that neither disguises nor excuses itself, is an extraordinarily long life. Then again, Dr. Burney should have seen, and indeed better than anyone else, that here the incongruity resides in the idea of the thing, and not in the thing itself. The popular melody adopted for the *canto fermo* was not used in the manner of a so-called principal melody to-day, and it exercised but little influence on the character of the work, to which it served as a basis. Banished into the middle part, altered and varied, amplified or diminished, according to the demands of the canon, frequently interrupted by long pauses, pulled to pieces and freely imitated between the other voices, covered above and below with the counterpoint, this melody could not be recognised as the same they had been singing every day. There was nothing repulsive in it, therefore, at least for the ear.

This practice, in and for itself, would seem to have deserved the most earnest attention of historians. Burney and his contemporaries should have enquired, what technical necessity would have upheld for three centuries long, a custom so foreign and so contrary to the religious spirit of that age; they should have asked themselves, what miracle moved the schoolastic pedantry to borrow from the musical practice of the people, a thing which it so much despised—a pedantry, we say, which in music, more than in any other art or science, had filled up an impassable mountain of Greek and Latin words, that either had no meaning, or awakened only false ideas, and, for the most part, had nothing in common with music; a pedantry, which weighed upon it like an Alp, and threatened almost to crush it. Who can explain to us this monstrous contradiction? I flatter myself it is explained in all I have already said about the music of nature and the original auxiliary sources of music.

The composers, who, for a long time, and necessarily, were not in a condition to invent anything resembling a melody, needed for the execution of their contrapuntable staying a first and immoveable plan, which, for this reason, they called *canto fermo*. At first they borrowed it from the choral song of the church; but, after the knowledge of counterpoint and harmony had made considerable progress, of which the productions of the old Flemish school affords proof, they saw clearly that the choral song, with its unnatural scales, was a cramped and troublesome basis of operations. But what should they put in its place? To invent was hard; to invent happily, still harder, if not impossible. In this perplexity, the musicians—in spite of themselves, no doubt—were forced to recognise, that the popular melodies, being far

more singable, and, in respect to sonority and rhythm, far more characteristic than anything that art was able to produce, were much more readily adapted to the different developments of fugued counterpoint. Many respectable people have, from necessity, become thieves, but shame-faced thieves, dreading detection more than punishment. That is the history of the old contrapuntists. They gave the people their own songs disguised, and they understood how to fortify themselves against the complaints of the ear; for they sinned, not with the design of making their church compositions more melodious, but, I repeat it, solely in the interest of counterpoint; and this distinguishes them from moderns of the sixteenth century, who took these very songs and fitted to them accompaniments, out of regard for the melody—that is to say, for the songs.

(To be continued.)

## PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

There is at last an effectual break in the dull monotony which has so long characterised the musical world of Paris. M. Adam's new opera, *La Cour de Célimène*, has been produced at the Opéra-Comique; and the *Lisette* of M. Ortolan (savoury, name), has seen the light at the Théâtre-Lyrique. Both have succeeded, and each deserved the success it obtained, which is of the quiet and mild, rather than the enthusiastic and violent description.

The fair Célimène is a countess of noble birth and ancient descent, endowed with beauty, wit and wealth, tempered by the coquetry and flightiness which form the basis of her character. Her sister, the Baroness, possesses equal beauty, less wealth, and more steadiness.

The countess resides in her chateau in Brittany, and is surrounded by a court of aspirants to her hand and fortune, consisting of one commander, one chevalier, four youths, four full-grown, and four elderly gentlemen. To each of these she holds out some hopes of success; but, in her secret heart, the commander is the favoured lover; and he, at first divided between the charms and merits of the two sisters, put their names into a hat, and, drawing forth that of Célimène, determines to devote his attention to her. The chevalier is a Gascon, full of the hot blood and boastful speech for which his countrymen are proverbial. He first courted the baroness, but, receiving no encouragement, changed his wooing to Célimène. She, with her innate coquetry, led him on to hope for success, but one fine morning quietly informed him that her choice was made, and that she would bestow her hand on the commander. The chevalier is furious, declares to the countess he will show her that a gentleman of his standing cannot be so treated with impunity; that she shall not marry the commander; and that to prevent her so doing he will have recourse to prudence, deceit, and force—the scaling ladder and the narcotic. He rushes from her presence furious, seeks the commander, insults him, and provokes a duel, wherein the unfortunate commander is hit in body, limbs, and head, and falls, declaring that nothing can stand against the rapier of the furious Gascon. Célimène, in despair, sees that she must pour oil on the troubled waters, and sends the Baroness with tender messages on her part to the chevalier. He, on seeing the baroness, feels his old affection revive in full force, and, fancying that she delivers on her own behalf the tender messages where-with she is charged by her sister, falls at her feet and pours forth his passionate vows. The baroness is delighted, as she sees a way of relieving her sister, and she has a weakness for the chevalier, whom she regrets having refused. She therefore encourages him, and accepts his hand; the commander weds Célimène, and so ends the opera. The *libretto* is exceedingly well written by M. Bosier, the phraseology is neat, pointed, and terse, situations well worked out, and the plot clearly developed. The music is lively and replete with the comic element. The opening chorus from the twelve aspirants leads at once in *medias res*, the melody serving in a duet for the two sisters, which follows. This is succeeded by an air, "Charmer, briller, c'est de votre âge." Then comes a quartet, in which the words "Si vous l'épousez, à vous je m'attacherai," are taken up successively by each voice,



with capital effect. Célimène has a pretty song in the second act, and the chorus "Voilà donc la cruelle," which succeeds it, is well written. The opera concludes with a catching and effective duet, "Hélas, croyez donc aux serments d'amour." The curtain fell amidst considerable applause. M. Battaille, as the Commander, sang and acted extremely well; and M. Jourdan, in the Gascon Chevalier, presented an admixture of true passion and exaggerated ardour, full of buffoonery, while he sang like an artist, as usual. Madame Miolan (Célimène) sang brilliantly, and was a good specimen of the tantalizing coquette, fair and cruel, inspiring love and hate at once; but she could not look the character. Madame Colson (Baroness), exhibited talents of no mean order; and the chorus of the Twelve Lovers was what a chorus should always be; what it generally is at the Opéra-Comique, and seldom elsewhere.

The Lisette of M. Ortolan is the daughter of a Norman magistrate. The curtain rises on a group of peasants gathering apples and gay with cider, which, like their song, has been somewhat sour. The drum beats, and the youth of the district come forth to draw lots for the Conscription. Germain draws a blank and remains at home; Moisy draws a prize—if it be one—and becomes one of the defenders of his country. A demoiselle of a neighbouring chateau, lately arrived from Paris, next appears on the stage, and, being unacquainted with the beauties of her own domain, takes Lisette for her guide. This demoiselle loves and is beloved by the Count de Thalbourg, but her "cruel parients" have chosen for her the Marquis de Gerville, newly arrived in the district as commander of a recruiting party. The marquis, however, has no idea of marriage, being a thorough unbeliever in the sex; and, on his first introduction to the young countess, proposes to her a rendezvous at midnight in a neighbouring ruin. She is furious at the insult, but, concealing her wrath, consults Lisette, who advises her to avenge so gross an outrage, and offers to change dresses with her, and go to the place assigned. Midnight arrives, and with it the marquis and Lisette, the countess being concealed among the ruins. The marquis presses his love with such warmth and affection as to alarm Lisette, the false countess, who thereupon proceeds to administer to him some vigorous *soufflets*, well delivered, after which she takes to her heels and to flight. Next day the marquis boasts everywhere of his *bonnes fortunes*, which, coming to the ears of Thalbourg, he demands an explanation, and Lisette then declares it was she, and not the countess, who received the kiss and administered the blow. But the explanation falls like a thunderbolt on the head of poor Germain, the lover of Lisette, who, in despair at his mistress's infidelity, takes Moisy's place and departs for the wars. The last act takes us to a chateau of the young countess, near Paris. She has been accompanied by Lisette, who grieves at the loss of Germain; he becomes a captain in the French army, still maintains his affection for Lisette, though he still believes her culpable. However, at length the countess unveils the mystery, and all the lovers are united and made happy. The music is that of a composer with original ideas, but inexperienced in his art. There is too much emphasis in his instrumentation, and too much noise throughout. The duet of explanation in the second act is good, and Lisette's opening air "Je suis fille du magister," characteristic and pointed. The best air in the opera is that of Gerville "Me marier Moi," and the best sung was "De nos champs la vaste étendue," admirably given by M. Crambade, who filled the part of Germain.

A curious process has just taken place in Paris, *à propos* of a subject interesting to many artists on both sides the Channel. Mad. Laborde, it appears, does not live in the most loving manner with him whom she has chosen for her husband. The lady has a voice, which she looks on as her private and peculiar property, "settled to her own use," as the lawyers say. M. Laborde thinks otherwise, and declares that her voice, as well as all else pertaining to her belongs to him, her lawful husband. The lady was restive, and makes an engagement with M. Crosnier for the Grand-Opéra, whereupon the husband appealed to the tribunal of justice, which he prays will prevent his wife singing without his consent. The tribunal has decided, and adjudged the husband

to be in the right, having forbidden Mad. Laborde to accept an engagement without first receiving the authority of her liege lord. There are few decisions better calculated to keep artistic wives in due subjection to their husbands, whom they have been accustomed to look on too generally as a sort of incumbrance, a species of lap-dog or lackey, to be cast off at the first moment it suited their sovereign pleasure.

The *fête* of the Immaculate Conception has been produced with extraordinary splendour at Naples. Mercadante composed a hymn for the occasion, which was performed, *al fresco*, by 1573 musicians, of whom 893 were instrumentalists and 680 vocalists. The Neapolitan journals declare that the like was never heard.

A correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* has started a foolish story about Mdle. Fanny Cerito, who is said to be studying music and singing, and is about to make her *début* as *prima donna* at Covent Garden. You will probably ere this know more about it than we do; but, I believe, there is not a syllable of truth in this apparent canard.

A concert was lately given at Rouen for the benefit of the poor, at which one of the singers was M. Darius, one hundred and two years of age, and who, some eighty years ago, sang as one of the principal tenors at the Opéra. There is something of firmness still left in his voice, and the two songs he sang were much applauded. In "Qu'on est heureux de trouver en voyage," from the *Visitadines*, "his face," say the Rouen papers, "lighted up and expressed a thoroughly juvenile vivacity." M. Darius's only object was to render some assistance towards the fund for the poor, in which worthy project he fully succeeded.

## VIENNA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Italian opera season commenced on Easter Monday, unpropitiously. Verdi's *Provatore* had been announced; but, for some reason, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was substituted, and that in turn gave way to *Il Barbiere*, which was really played. There were three "first appearances: Signori Giuditti (tenor); Rossi (buffo); and Segri (bass), of whom only Rossi was successful. Mad. Borghi-Mamo was warmly greeted on her re-appearance. In the lesson scene, she sang a *rondo* of Donizetti's, tacked on to "Il mio Valzer." The house was well attended.

A morning concert of sacred music was given the same day, in the Musikvereinsaal, by Herr Cornelius Stankovits, the programme consisting of choral melodies of the Greco-Slavonian Liturgy, obtained from the original sources, and arranged by him for *soprano, alto, tenor, and bass*. The performers were forty in number, male and female. The music of the modern Greeks had hitherto been enveloped in obscurity. Much credit is due to the French savant, Villoteau, who accompanied General Bonaparte to Egypt, and described—in a series of interesting articles, derived from information gained in Egypt, and the manuscripts of the National Library—the music, or rather the musical system of the Egyptians, Arabians, Persians, Syrians, Armenians, Greeks, and Jews. After the separation of the Greek from the Romish church, in the eleventh century, a new Liturgy was adopted, in which the priests had a good deal to sing, and that of a varied description. During this period, and the years immediately succeeding, the music still performed was composed. An incredible number of "Himnoden" (poets and composers) appeared, whose names are to be found in psalm-books even now.

## BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

FOR years past it has been the custom of the members of the Singacademie to perform Graun's *Tod Jesu* on Good Friday. They appear, however, to have grown tired of it, and this time gave Bach's *Passionsmusik* instead. The solo parts were creditable, but the great feature was the chorus. The place was crowded. Herr Hennig gave a performance of Beethoven's *Christus am Oelberge*, with some pieces from Graun's *Tod Jesu*, on the same day. Kroll's Gardens, and the old Summer Theatre, which, like the Gardens, belongs to the Crown, and cannot be touched by creditors, are expected to open shortly.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**PROFESSIONAL MUSICIAN**—wants a great deal of information at a time. If he is really ignorant "who and what are" Messrs. George Osborne, Brinley Richards, J. L. Hatton, Sam Lover, George Linley, Stephen Glover, and J. W. Hobbs, his acquaintance with the "profession" must be, as the poet Hale says, "uncommonly slim." On these heads we refer him to the *Musical Directory* of Messrs. Rudall, Rose, and Carte. M. Oscar Comettant is a Parisian critic, composer, and pianist of some repute. Of Mr. J. W. Cherry we have never heard. Is our correspondent trying to pass a hoax upon us?

**ADALGISA**.—All that can be gathered about *Paradies* may be seen by our fair correspondent in the translation of a short memoir from the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens* of M. Fétis, which will be found in our present number. We have no reason to doubt that *Paradies* did write the instrumental score of her own operas. Other lady composers have done so, and why not one of such acknowledged ability?

**AN ORGANIST**.—We have referred an Organist's letter to our contributor on organ matters.

**J. W.**—We do not know the lady's address; but it can be obtained of Cramer, Beale & Co., 201, Regent-street.

**ERRATUM**.—In the notice of *Royal Italian Opera* (page 234), for the Countess of "Formontiel," read *Formoutier*.

**J. S.**—(Lewisham).—Address the inquiry about the music to Messrs. Boosey and Sons. We have forwarded the letter.

## BIRTH.

On the 17th inst., at 27, West-square, Lambeth, Mrs. John Holman Andrews, of a daughter.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 21st, 1855.

THE correspondence which appears in another part of our impression lays the case of Mr. Edmund Chipp, late Member of the Queen's Private Band and Musician in Ordinary to Her Majesty, so completely before the reader, that he may draw conclusions for himself without the aid of editorial comments. Indeed, so far as we are concerned, we can do no more at present than reiterate our conviction, that, when Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert are made acquainted with all the circumstances, Mr. Chipp will be re-instated in his place. We are aware that it is very difficult to approach the ears of Royalty; but we are equally convinced that Colonel Phipps would not willingly be the instrument of doing an injustice to any one, however humbly situated; and that when Mr. Anderson, Director of the Queen's Private Band, is persuaded of Mr. Chipp's innocence of any knowledge of, or participation in, the letter signed "Truth," he will be the first to intercede for him, should intercession be required.

We were in some apprehension that Mr. Chipp might be wholly dependant for professional subsistence on the Royal service, and are very glad to be undeceived. This, however, is not the chief point at issue. The chief point at issue is a point of honour. When an old and faithful servant is discharged, it regards his honour that the reason of his dismissal be made public. This, and no other, consideration has induced us to interfere in the matter.

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?"

Mr. Chipp is nothing to us, and we are nothing to Mr. Chipp. It is only because we aspire to the high distinction of representing the interests of the musical profession, because our journal is devoted to music, and appeals to the sympathy of musicians for support, that we come forward,

and shall always be ready to come forward, as the champion of musicians whenever, as in the present instance, we are fully assured their claims are just and unanswerable. The question lies in a nutshell. Mr. Chipp has been dismissed from Her Majesty's service. Why? On the pretext that he was the author of a letter which appeared in the *Musical World*, under the signature of "Truth." But Mr. Chipp was not the author of that letter. He knew nothing whatever about the letter, when it appeared; and, to this day, he has not the slightest notion who wrote it. Has he then been fairly treated? Most assuredly not. He has been discharged in a summary manner, through whose influence, and with what purport, will no doubt be made clear to the world. At present a cloud hangs over the whole affair, and shuts out the knowledge of the truth. That cloud must be dispersed; and when it is dispersed, we shall see what we shall see.

Why has Mr. Horatio Chipp resigned? He was not dismissed. Why has M. Sainton resigned? He was not dismissed. Why has Mr. ——— threatened to resign? There is no chance whatever of his being dismissed. Why is the whole private band of Her Majesty the Queen in a state of tremor and excitement? No probability exists of the whole of them being dismissed. There must be "something rotten in the state of Denmark." We have said it before. No matter. We may have to say it again, and, perhaps, to add notes of explanation.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

*Il Conte Ory* was repeated on Saturday and Tuesday. The ensemble, so good on the opening night, was better on the second and better still on the third. Sig. Gardoni sang delightfully and Mdme. Bosio was even more perfect than before. It is no small compliment to this admirable artist to say that she, of all high sopranos we have heard of late years, most thoroughly understands and reverences the music of Rossini. It has been, for a long time, too much the fashion with singers to consider Rossini's melodies as little better than themes for embroidery, and, in place of "Una voce," or "Di Piacer," we have variations and *ricercate* cooked up by some Italian singing-master for the occasion. The majority of vocalists, like some of our critics, have no faith in original genius. *Il Conte Ory* in one paper (*The Examiner*) is described as "light, airy, and flexible;" (*flexible* music!) while another, (*The Spectator*) finds it "overrated," a "*rifacimento* of the *Italiana* in *Algeri*, *Il Turco* in *Italia*, and *Il Barbiere*;" and, if "a comic opera, the worst ever written." (!!) No reasons or arguments, of course, are adduced for this opinion: they would be difficult to invent. We suppose, then, *Le Nozze di Figaro* is not a "comic opera," because it contains some pieces which are not "light, airy, and flexible;" nor *L'Etoile du Nord*—on the same account. We fear our critic is forgetful that there are high and low comedy for the lyric as well as the dramatic stage. *Il Conte Ory* is essentially a comic opera, though of a higher order of comedy than *La Cenerentola*, just as *Figaro* is of a higher order of comedy than *Il Barbiere*.

*Il Conte Ory* is a masterpiece, at any rate. All the critics in Europe shall never make us alter that opinion. A third hearing, on Tuesday, more than ever convinced us of the fact. With the exception of the second act of *Guillaume Tell*, Rossini never composed anything so complete as the second act of *Il Conte*



*Ory*, which, in all the essential qualities of good dramatic music, comes nearer to Mozart than anything we have heard in a theatre. A performance so perfect in every respect as that at the Royal Italian Opera must tend to impress upon the public mind the manifold beauties of the work. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*. *Il Conte Ory* is a great truth, and will prevail.

Thursday night was the night of nights at the Royal Italian Opera—the imperial night—the real grand exhibition night, when majesties were displayed to public eyes and opera glasses at exaggerated prices. The entire world of aristocracy was there, and all who could afford it came to offer homage to the bond of amity made manifest between the two mightiest sovereigns of the earth. It was a sight worth paying for, and few of us may ever witness such another. The Queen commanded *Fidelio* for the occasion. May it not be suggested, with deference, as curious, that an English Queen, with a Saxo-Gothic consort, ordered a Prussian opera in an Italian theatre to be played before a French Emperor and a Spanish Empress, by Austrian and other performers? The interior of the house was decorated in the most tasteful and elegant manner. The fronts of the boxes were draped with white satin edged with gold, while festoons and flowers suspended from box to box, afforded great and pleasant relief to the eye. In the centre of each box, on the first, second, and third tiers, were emblematical devices on embroidered white satin, exhibiting the letters, "N," "V," "E," "A," alternately distributed round the tiers. The Royal Box, placed in the centre of the house, was almost identical with that occupied by Her Majesty and *suite* on the occasion of her last state visit. Several boxes on the pit, grand, and first tiers, were thrown into one, forming a lofty and spacious compartment, surmounted by a large and massive crown in crimson and gold, from behind which shot gilded spears in *rayons*, like stars. The interior was gorgeously furnished, the prevailing colours being scarlet and gold, the canopy overhead, being formed of white satin with gold edging and tassels. The chairs and footstools corresponded in splendour with the general decoration.

As it was announced publicly that the Royal and Imperial party would not make their appearance until late, the opera commenced at the usual time, and the overture to *Fidelio* was the signal for a slight show of attention on the part of the spectators, and the withdrawal of numerous eyes from the Royal Box, which, during the evening, in the intervals of the performance, naturally constituted the centre of attraction. How the audience was absorbed by sentiments of loyalty and curiosity, was evidenced in the apathetic manner in which such favourites as Signor Tamberlik and Herr Formes were received on their appearance, and the indifference displayed towards Mdle. Jenny Ney, who made her *début* before a British public. But the majority of visitors came, not to bow down at the shrine of Beethoven's genius, nor to derive gratification from the music and the singers, but to pay homage to the Queen and her guests. If, therefore, we are less discursive than is our wont on the first appearance of a singer of renown, and

the first representation of one of the greatest efforts of musical genius, it is because it would not be fair to deliver judgment under such circumstances. We must, consequently, postpone the consideration of Mdle. Jenny Ney to another opportunity; merely stating that she is a singer of undoubted intelligence, with a voice of great power and compass.

The Rocco of Herr Formes—we speak from antecedents—is a study. The art with which the German singer makes the rough and kindly nature of the gaoler perceptible, even through the darkest incidents of the drama, whereby it is evident that long familiarity with crime, and long occupation of a degrading office, have not been entirely able to quench the feelings of the man, is enough to stamp him an actor of the first class. A more careful and highly-finished histrionic effort, indeed, could hardly be cited. The scenes with Pizarro, his tyrannical master, and those with Leonora, the poor youth whom Rocco has compassionately taken into his service, are admirably contrasted. When Leonora declares herself, to the dismay of her husband's enemy, the natural astonishment of Rocco, interrupted in his work of grave-digging by such a startling revelation, is made a point of by Herr Formes, and, from its picturesqueness and genuine truth, completes with powerful effect the dramatic interest of the situation. How well he sings the music, from the air in praise of gold to the last of the concerted pieces, it is unnecessary to add. Had Beethoven written expressly for him, he could not have suited him more happily.

With so engaging and artistic a representative of Marcellina as Mdle. Marai, it would be impossible not to be thoroughly satisfied. Nor could the minor parts of Jacquino and the Minister have been entrusted to more competent and painstaking singers than Signors Luchesi and Polonini—indeed, the former is, by far, the best Jacquino we have seen. Sig. Tagliafico's Pizarro, as a piece of acting, is the finest we ever saw, and few ever sang the music with a larger amount of intelligent appreciation. More of him next time.

It was the first appearance, this season, of that great and deserving favourite, Signor Tamberlik, whose impersonation of Florestan cannot be praised too highly, and whose execution of the splendid recitative and air, in the prison scene, seems to have lost none of that force and eloquence which have placed it among his capital achievements. The first few notes of recitative proved, at once, that the rigorous climate of St. Petersburg has no power to impair the fulness and sonorous quality of Signor Tamberlik's voice. The whole reading of the air, the fine delivery of the declamatory passages, and the passionate fervour with which the *allegro* movement—where the oboe plays so interesting and suggestive a part in the orchestral accompaniment—was sung throughout, showed that, Roman as he is by birth and education, Signor Tamberlik is fully able to appreciate and enter into the style and meaning of this profound and eminently German music.

On the entrance of the Royal party into the box, at the end of the first act, the whole house stood up and cheered for several minutes. Mr. Costa then lifted his *bâton*, and the band

struck up "Partant pour la Syrie," after which the curtain rose, the artists not engaged in the opera appeared on the stage, and the National Anthem was sung, Mad. Bosio leading off with the first verse. But the great excitement of the evening was at the end of the opera, when the curtain again rose, and "God save the Queen" preceded "Partant pour la Syrie." The stage was thrown open to its utmost limits, and crowded with ladies and gentlemen in the back-ground, who had paid dearly for standing room during the performance of the National Anthem. Two bands of the Guards—one at either side of the stage—assisted the orchestra, and the combined instrumental and vocal force poured forth such a volley as literally bombarded the audience with harmony. Enthusiasm rose to its highest, and the Royal and Imperial Party having bowed their acknowledgments, retired amidst reiterated plaudits.

Mdlle. Fanny Cerito—one of the "Stars of Arcady" of Her Majesty's Theatre—made her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera, with signal success, in a scene from a new ballet called *Eva* (which will be given entire to-night). Of the admirable talent of the celebrated *danseuse*, as of the merits of the *ballet*, we must postpone speaking till our next.

The reason why "Partant pour la Syrie" preceded the National Anthem when the Royal Party entered the box, and followed it previous to their departure, was, in obedience to a suggestion of the Queen, that, on both occasions, the place of honour should be accorded to her Imperial visitor.

The new verse interpolated into the National Anthem, and written expressly for the occasion in honour of our allies, was as follows:—

Emperor and Empress,  
Oh Lord, be pleased to bless;  
Look on this scene!  
And may we ever find,  
With bonds of peace entwined,  
England and France combined;  
God save the Queen.

It was to be regretted that the words of this verse, which were completely unintelligible as sung by the chorus, were not entrusted to Herr Formes, or one of the solo singers, when, doubtless, their point would have been understood and appreciated by the whole house.

HERR BERNARD HILDEBRAND ROMBERG, the young and talented violoncellist, has arrived in London for the season.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Emperor and Empress of the French have been pleased to add their names to that of Her Majesty as patrons of the grand performance to be given by the New Philharmonic Society on Wednesday April 25th, in aid of the funds of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton. Beethoven's Choral Symphony will be the grand feature of the performance.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS has relinquished the management of the Lyceum Theatre, and in fact brought his managerial character to an end. No doubt his fortunes will be improved by the resolve. As an actor, in his own particular department, he is unequalled; and wherever there is a theatre open in which polite comedy, or the pieces analogous to it, is cultivated, there will he be in inevitable requisition.

## ROYAL OPERA, DRURY LANE.

AFTER a week's delay from the first announcement of the opening—not to be attributed to the directors, but to the winds and the commands of the French Emperor—the Royal Opera commenced its third season on Monday, with every prospect of success. No programme having been issued, we are not able to state the full strength of the company, nor to say whether, as before, German opera will be alternated with Italian. We hear rumours of a tenor and bass to fill up the *vacua* left by Herr Reichardt and Herr Formes, which, of course, points to German opera; but we are not possessed of direct information. The success of the *Seraglio*, *Der Freischütz*, and *Fidelio*, which stamped the reputation of the establishment, leads to the anticipation that German operas will again constitute a principal feature in the performances.

The *Sonnambula* was selected on the opening night, for the purpose of introducing to the English public, in the character of Amina, Madame Gassier, a singer of continental reputation. Judging by results, a more complete success has seldom been witnessed within the walls of Old Drury. Every scene was a new triumph, and the climax was reached in the famous "Ah! non giunge," when she created a *furor*. Madame Gassier was loudly applauded by the whole audience, encored unanimously, and recalled.

The new *cantatrice* is by birth a Spaniard. She belongs to the Persiani school, having a high *soprano* voice with great facility of execution, evidently showing that time and pains have not been spared in making the best use of her powers. Madame Gassier, in fact, is an accomplished artist. She appeared, last season, at the Italian Theatre, in Paris, as Rosina, in *Il Barbiere*, and was received with distinguished favour, producing a marked sensation in a *rondo*, introduced in the lesson scene. Her execution of Amina's music was brilliant and expressive. The *cavatina*, "Cari campani," was an effective display of florid vocalisation, combined with neatness and finish. Madame Gassier's acting indicates rather feeling than passion, and the *finale* to Act II. was not distinguished by the dramatic power and energy to which we have been accustomed. She appears to follow the more gentle reading of Madame Sontag and the "Swedish Nightingale." The prayer in the last act was charmingly given; and, as we have said above, the *rondo finale* brought the opera to an end with *éclat*.

M. Gassier (Rudolpho) is a French barytone of great talent. He, too, was engaged last season at the Italiens in Paris, and made his appearance as Figaro in *Il Barbiere*, subsequently undertaking many of Tamburini's parts with success—a fact in itself which indicates more than ordinary capabilities. M. Gassier possesses a voice of excellent quality, strong and flexible, and sings with ease and expression. "Vi ravviso" was a good example of correct and unobtrusive singing, and the scene in the bed-room was careful and intelligent. The public applauded M. Gassier heartily. He is a decided acquisition.

Signor Bettini is so much improved since last season that we hardly recognised him. With a voice fresher and more agreeable, he appears to have gained confidence, and is now altogether a better artist. The duet with Amina at once placed him on good terms with the audience. He produced a sensation in the first movement of "Tutto è sciolto," and was loudly encored.

The band, numbering fifty or upwards, is under the efficient direction of Mr. Tully, and counts in its ranks some first-rate players. The chorus is also numerous and good. The whole performance, indeed, afforded gratification to an audience that filled every part of the theatre. After the opera, a *ballet divertissement*, by a pretty and effective *corps* of female dancers, detained the majority of the audience until near midnight. *La Sonnambula* was repeated on Wednesday and Thursday. Mad. Gassier has already made progress with the public, and promises to become a special favourite. The attendance at the two last performances was as numerous as on the first night. This evening a performance of an entirely different character will take place. The directors have announced a "Grand Congrès Dramatique," for six nights only, in celebration of the visit of their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor and Empress of the French, the first of which is to come off to-night. The drama of

*Les Cosaques*—played for more than two hundred successive nights in Paris—will be represented in French, supported by all the original artists of the Théâtre-de-la-Gaité.

### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE third concert, on Monday evening, was but indifferently attended. The new conductor has evidently failed to excite public curiosity. The war of nations, however, is a more engrossing topic than the war of systems; and, until Sebastopol be taken, the question of Richard Wagner *versus* Music is likely to remain in abeyance. Thirty guineas a concert is, we must admit, a large sum for a *chef-d'orchestre* out of Zurich; but that is a matter which the reigning directors of the Philharmonic Society may possibly be called upon to explain, at some future congress of as many among the forty members as care a straw for its welfare. At the present juncture it is doubtful even whether a fifty-guinea time-stick would be able to rouse the apathetic, or swell the subscription list.

The programme of Monday's concert was as follows:—

PART I.—Sinfonia in A, Mendelssohn; Aria, "Và sbramando" (Faust), Spohr; Concerto, pianoforte, in B flat, Op. 19, Beethoven; Aria, "Bald schlägt die Abschieds stunde," Mozart; Overture, "Euryanthe," Weber.

PART II.—Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5, Beethoven; Recitative and Aria, "Ja, ich fühle's," Spohr; Overture, "Les Deux Journées," Cherubini. Conductor, Herr Richard Wagner.

A contemporary (*The Daily News*) declares that he never heard the "Italian" symphony go so well. We regret to be at issue with him, but are forced to record that we never heard it go worse anywhere. A more coarse, monotonous, uniformly loud, and at the same time rigorously frigid performance, never left an audience unmoved and apathetic in a concert-room. It was deplorable to witness the contemptuous unconcern with which the whole of this admirable work of genius was regarded by the representative of the "future art-drama." The same thing was remarked at rehearsal. The band was never once arrested, nor did the conductor proffer a single observation. Herr Wagner's "reading" of the music of Mendelssohn may be signalled in a sentence:—*Get to the end of it as quick as possible.* It is not, however, for Dr. Liszt and the petty tribunals of Weimar and Leipzig to decide which is the greater man—the author of *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, or the author of *St. Paul* and *Elijah*. No, indeed. *Dieu merci!* The symphony went off without any demonstrations of satisfaction; and that most heavenly of slow movements, which never before failed to create enthusiasm, scarcely obtained a hand of applause. It was barbarous!

In Weber's overture to *Euryanthe* the new conductor resumed his vivacity, his gesticulations, his "ups and downs," and his forced readings. This "went off" like a shell at Sebastopol—"fizzing" and screaming for dear life. It was not encoored, however. The effect produced was what might be imagined after the unanticipated shock of an earthquake. The audience looked at each other, aghast. Some said "Wonderful!"—others said nothing; and these last were the wisest. Herr Wagner is as warm to his countryman, Weber, as he is cold to his countryman, Mendelssohn. But Mendelssohn was of Jewish extract; and the "shawms" of the Hebrews, we presume, are not to make part of the orchestra "of the Future," however the Present may hold Mendelssohn's "shawm" to have a sweeter tone than Herr Wagner's "trumpet," which is chiefly occupied in blowing flourishes for his own glorification. Nevertheless, with all his preference, in the "book" of *Oper und Drame* Herr Wagner calls Weber, "the unhappy." He (Weber), it appears, plucks national tunes (wild flowers) from the fields, puts them in drawing-room vases, and is surprised that they die in spite of his watering-pot. His (Weber's) "stammering" is an honest confession of the incapacity of music to exist alone—and, as a natural consequence, of the superiority of Herr Wagner and his system of "real drama." Good. It is as well to learn something of *das Wesen der Musik* (!).

The execution of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor was chiefly remarkable for a variety of hitherto unknown effects,

pauses long (too long) drawn out, etc., and a quicker tempo for the last movement, to which, though unaccustomed, we have no objection, and which, indeed, we rather like than otherwise. Cherubini's fine overture offered little for comment.

Mr. Lindsay Sloper's performance of the early and very interesting pianoforte concerto in B flat of Beethoven,\* was in all respects masterly; style and execution were equally free from reproach. He must be thanked, moreover, for choosing this particular work, and thus affording a little repose to the three grand concertos so frequently brought forward by pianists. His success was as great and well deserved as at the recent concert of the New Philharmonic Society, when he played the concerto in D minor of Mendelssohn.

The vocal music was unexceptionable. Mr. Weiss gave the noble air from *Faust* with the true spirit; and Mad. Rudersdorff, equally at home in the music of Mozart and Spohr, proved herself an accomplished vocalist. The curious aria of Mozart, originally written for *Zauberflöte*, was abandoned by singers in consequence of its difficulty. To Mad. Rudersdorff, however, it seemed to present none whatever.

The audience were cold to everything in the concert, which certainly did not elevate Herr Wagner as a conductor in the estimation of connoisseurs. Perhaps the overture to *Tannhäuser*, which is to be performed at the fourth concert, and was rehearsed on Saturday, will do something more to advance his claims as a composer. Dr. Liszt, in a lengthy and teratological essay, proclaims this overture one of the most prodigious inspirations of the musical art. *Nous verrons.*

\* A very good arrangement of this was published, many years ago, by the spirited firm of Coventry and Hollier.

MR. AGUILAR gave a *Matinée* of pianoforte music on Wednesday last at his residence, 68, Upper Norton-street, at which the executants consisted entirely of his pupils. The selection of pieces, containing specimens of every style was excellent, and the performance throughout remarkable. Among other compositions were Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C sharp, a sonata of Beethoven, the *Allegro Brillante* (Duet) and some of the *Lieder ohne worte* of Mendelssohn, two nocturnes and a Mazurka of Chopin, Prudent's *Huguenots*, and Kullak's *Perles d'Ecume*. Besides the parents and friends of the executants, a select number of amateurs were present, who warmly testified their satisfaction.

MR. HARROLD THOMAS.—The *soirée musicale* given by this young pianist was an exceedingly elegant entertainment, consisting entirely of chamber music of the most classical description. Mr. Thomas, is a pupil of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, and has acquired much of the delicate finish and refinement of his instructor's style. His principal performances were Mendelssohn's Sonata for piano and violoncello, Op. 17, in which he was accompanied by Signor Piatti; and Beethoven's Sonata for piano and violin, No. 2, Op. 23, in which the violin part was played by M. Sainton. Both these beautiful pieces were admirably executed and warmly applauded. Mr. Thomas also played with great brilliancy Herr Pauer's *Cascade*, and several short pieces composed by himself. Songs and duets were sung by Miss Dolby, Miss Poole, and Miss Eliza Birch.—*Daily News.*

ROSSINI AND MEYERBEER.—At a performance of *Robert le Diable*, Rossini, who was in a box with Meyerbeer, was so pleased with some particular *morceaux*, that he said to his illustrious confrère: "If you write anything better than this, I will undertake to dance upon my head." "You had better, then," said Meyerbeer, "commence practising, as I have just finished the fourth act of the *Huguenots*."

WAGNER AND ROSSINI.—Professor Praeger, of Hamm, being asked to define the difference between the music of Wagner and the music of Rossini, replied:—"The music of Wagner will always be the Music of the Future; the music of Rossini always the Music of the Present."

A PUNCH FOR WAGNER.—Our hook-nosed, short-legged, pot-paunched, facetious, and highly-respected, not to say much-feared cotemporary, *Punch*, defines the "Music of the Future" thus briefly:—"Promissory Notes."



## PROVINCIAL.

**CHELTEMHAM.**—The conversion of the Friends' Meeting House into a music hall was tested on the evening of Thursday, the 12th inst.; a concert, on rather an extensive scale, was given and well attended. The programme was under the management of Mr. Jabez Jones. The concert went off well, although the proceeds will do little towards the outlay in converting the building into a public room. The principal vocal performers were Miss Henderson, Messrs. Thomas, Jones, Horniblow; the instrumentalists, Miss Brydges, harp; Miss F. L. Lucy, piano-forte, Mr. Prior, flute, Mr. D'Egville, violin, and Mr. Hopkins, violoncello. The Music Hall, now completed, is a capacious lofty room, capable of holding about 400 persons.

**WORCESTER.**—The weekly concert was given as usual by the members of the Madrigal Union at the Natural History Room, on Monday evening. Mr. Jabez Jones presided at the pianoforte. The attendance was tolerably numerous. Mrs. Evans, Messrs. Mason, Brookes, Cooper, and Berkeley were the singers. The concert passed off satisfactorily, and there were many encores.

**HEREFORD.**—The final concert of the series given by the Lay Vicars of our cathedral came off on Monday evening. There was a crowded attendance. Messrs. Barnby, Ward, and Taylor were the singers; Mr. Ribbon played a solo on the violin. There was a full orchestra; Mr. Townshend Smith was the accompanist at the piano.

**DUBLIN.**—The University Choral Society gave a concert on Friday evening, 13th inst. Spohr's *Last Judgment* formed Part I. Part II. included Händel's anthem, "My heart is inditing," Mozart's motet in C, Mendelssohn's three songs with chorus (*Desi geistliche Lieder*)—"Why, O Lord?" "On thy love," "Lord, my heart's devotion"—Palestrina's motet, "I will give thanks," an offertorio for bass solo and distant chorus, composed originally for Bartleman by Dr. Chard of Winchester, Mendelssohn's duet, "The Sabbath morn," and the following songs: "Lord, in mercy deign to hear me," Mendelssohn, "Lord, remember David," Händel, and an adaptation to sacred words of Meyerbeer's *scena* of "The Monk," entitled "Saul and David," from the pen of Dr. Waller. The chorus and orchestra were up to the mark. The solo artists were, *soprani*, Miss J. Cruise and Miss Balfie; *alto*, Mr. Dunne; *tenor*, Mr. Geary; *bass*, Mr. Joseph Robinson. Dr. Stewart conducted. The concert gave great satisfaction to an audience numbering about a thousand persons, including the *élite* of Dublin.

**SHREWSBURY.**—THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING RELIGIOUS AND USEFUL KNOWLEDGE gave on Monday evening, the 19th inst. a vocal and instrumental concert, conducted by Mr. C. Roden.

**LEICESTER.**—The performance of the *Messiah* at the Temperance Hall, on Wednesday evening, drew together a crowded audience. There were no fewer than 800 sixpenny admissions. The gallery for the rich, however, was by no means so well filled as might have been expected, considering the reasonableness of the prices, and the fact that this great work had not been performed before during the season. The principal vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Pierre, and Mr. Bodda. The chorus was efficient in number and strength; whilst the band, though small, was powerful. The performance was organised by Messrs. Nicholson and Smith.

**LEICESTER.**—(From our own Correspondent.)—Mr. Nicholson's winter series of concerts terminated with *The Messiah*, on Wednesday evening, and was attended by an audience of nearly 1,200, the greater part of whom were operatives of the town and neighbourhood, who were admitted at sixpence each. The principal vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Lascelles, Mr. A. Pierre, and Mr. F. Bodda. A band and chorus of 150 performers also assisted Mr. Nicholson on the occasion. The oratorio was well performed and gave great satisfaction. An opera company, including Miss Julia Harland, Miss F. Reeves, Messrs. Corri, Elliot Galer, O. Summers, etc., open here on Monday the 30th.

M. FÉTIS has commenced at Paris a series of historic concerts, whereof our Brussels correspondent sent us an account on their production in that capital. The first concert was given last Saturday, and was, as it deserved to be, very fully attended.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANEOUS.

**LEIPZIG.**—Mdlle. Agnes Büry has re-appeared in several parts, and fully confirmed the impression she made last year. Herr Bazzini, the violinist, is still here.

**STRASBURGH.**—Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* has been given eight times.—A conservatory of music has been founded by the Municipality.

**PESTH.**—Mdlle. Wilhelmina Clauss gave her second concert on the evening of the 28th ult., and was rapturously applauded in all the pieces she performed, more especially in Liszt's arrangement of the "Erlkönig," and Mendelssohn's *Lied ohne Worte*, in E flat. The anniversary of Beethoven's death was celebrated by a Philharmonic concert given by the band of the National Theater, assisted by *dilettanti*, in the state room of the Nationalmuseum. The programme included the overture to *Coriolanus*, and the "Sinfonia Eroica."

**MAYENCE.**—Mdlle. Anna Zerr has been favourably received as Isabella in *Robert le Diable*.

**DANTSIC.**—Herr von Bülow, the pianist, has been giving concerts there with success. On Good Friday, Herr Tichatscheck, the tenor, sang in Beethoven's *Christus am Oelberge*, and soon after appeared at the theatre in Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

**HANOVER.**—Herr Joseph Joachim has been granted a longer leave of absence by the king—some say as much as two years and a half, during which period he will be allowed to receive his salary, on condition of remaining in Hanover a short time in the concert season. Dr. Spohr has been enthusiastically received. Two or three days previous to his public appearance he was the object of all kinds of attentions, including serenades by the members of the various "Vereine," and a dinner given him by the Royal Orchestra. On the 31st, the grand concert for charities, which Dr. Spohr had come expressly from Cassel to conduct, took place in the theatre, which was crammed. The first part consisted of selections from Dr. Spohr's works. The veteran composer was greeted with thunders of applause. The overture to *Jessonda*, a duet from the same, and the symphony for two orchestras, *Irdisches und Göttliches im Menschenleben* were performed. At the end of the symphony there was an unanimous call for Dr. Spohr, with which he was unable to comply, as he had been summoned into the royal box. In the second part of the concert Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, Beethoven's violin concerto, splendidly played by Joseph Joachim, and some fragments from *Lohengrin* were included. The members of the orchestra have presented Dr. Spohr with a *bâton*, ornamented with a golden crown and jewels.

**FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.**—Cherubini's *Medea* has been performed for a benefit. Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* is in rehearsal. The theatre will close in May. Herr Ander, the tenor, is expected for a limited number of representations.

**GOtha.**—Mdlle. Bockholtz Falconi has been singing in *Le Prophète*. Herr *Capellmeister* Drouet has received from the Emperor Napoleon III. a gold snuff-box, with the Imperial cipher in brilliants. Herr Drouet, who has resided at Gotha for the last sixteen years, is personally known to the Emperor. Before entering the service of Napoleon I., in 1811, he held a post at the Court of the King of Holland, from 1806 to 1810, and was appointed musical instructor of the prince who now fills the throne of France.

**NAPLES.**—On Sunday, the 8th of April, the Theatre Royal del Fondo opened with the *Figlia del Reggimento*, the principal parts being taken by Madame Beltramelli and Signor Montanari; the opera was followed by a ballet, in which Mad. Boschetti appeared, and was highly successful. The Theatre *Nuovo* has also put forth its programme, which promises several new operas. Among the engagements are Mad. Cappelli and Signori Villani and Rossi.

**VENICE.**—*Poliuto* has been played at the *Fenice* with great success, Mad. Barbieri-Nino, and Signori Negrini and Corsi taking the principal parts.

## ORIGINAL LETTER OF JENNY LIND.

"Otto är mycket god och snäll. Han arbetar jemt; är  
"Otto is very good and sweet. He works constantly; is  
hemma jemt; vänlig jemt; densamma till för-  
at home constantly; kind constantly; the same to be-de-  
lifuliga vänner alljämt; tänker bara på min vil, och min  
pended-upon friend always; thinks only of my weal, and my  
förtjänst; och bär et lugnt, stilla mod i alla  
contentment-of-mind; and bears a serene, still spirit in all  
västingar.  
changes.

## PARADIES.

MARIA THERESA PARADIES, a remarkable composer and eminent pianiste, was born at Vienna, the 15th May, 1759. Stricken with blindness at the early age of five years, she found in the study of music a consolation for her great misfortune. She evinced the most singular aptitude for this art, and was moreover endowed with marvellous facility for the acquirement of languages and sciences. Middle. Paradies was equally familiar with Italian, German, French, and English, well versed in the inductive sciences, a proficient in geography and history, danced with grace, and possessed such extraordinary facility of conception, and so tenacious a memory, that she played at chess, regulating her own moves according to the play of her adversary, as if she could have seen the board herself. Kozeluck and Righeni were her masters for the pianoforte and singing; and she learned composition from the chapel-master, Friebert, receiving the advice of Salieri in the dramatic department. She was only eleven years of age when the Empress Maria-Theresa granted her a pension of 250 florins, after having heard her play some of the sonatas and fugues of Bach, with rare perfection. In 1784, Paradies set out on her travels, visited Linz, Salzburg, Munich, Spire, Mannheim, Switzerland, and Paris, in which latter city she played with extraordinary success at one of the Concerts Spirituels in 1785. From Paris she proceeded to London, where she achieved a decided triumph. The most celebrated artists of the period—among others, Abel, Fischer, and Salomon—considered it an honour to assist in her concerts. On her return from England, Paradies went to Holland, then to Brussels, Berlin, and Dresden, and was everywhere received with marked approbation at her public performances. In 1786, she returned to Vienna. She there applied herself to composition and teaching, published a variety of instrumental pieces, and wrote several operas, which were favourably received at Vienna and at Prague. Her house became the rendezvous of the most eminent and distinguished persons of Vienna; foreigners solicited, as the highest favour, to be introduced to her; and all were equally captivated by the charms of her conversation and the amenity of her manners. This remarkable woman died at Vienna on the 1st of February, 1824, at the age of sixty-five. In 1791, she produced at Vienna *Ariadne at Naxos*, an opera in two acts; and this was followed by *Ariadne and Bacchus*, a duo-drama in one act, a continuation of the foregoing opera. In 1792, Madame Paradies gave, at the National Theatre of Vienna, *Le Candidat Instituteur*, an operetta in one act; and in 1797, a grand opera, entitled *Rinaldo and Armida*, at Prague. A grand cantata of her composition, on the death of Louis XVI., which was printed with pianoforte accompaniment, was brought out at Vienna in 1794. She had already published her funeral cantata on the death of the Emperor Leopold. Among the other compositions of Paradies, may be mentioned *Six Sonatas* for the harpsichord, Op. 1 (Paris, Imbault); *Six Sonatas*, Op. 2 (ditto); *Twelve Italian Canzonets*, with accompaniment, for pianoforte (London, Bland); and *Leonora de Burger* (Lieder, Vienna).

FETIS.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**MISS BLANCHE CAPILL** (Pupil of Louis Leo—Voice, Mezzo-Soprano), Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

**MR. LAND** begs to announce his Removal to 12, Hindes-street, Manchester-square.

**MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN**, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131a, Oxford-street. Where their Concertina Classes are held, and where all their compositions may be had for the above instruments.

**SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI** has removed to 24, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square.

**MISS MANNING** begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that her Soirée Musicale will take place at Willis's Rooms, early in June. 17, St. George's Terrace, Kensington.

**MR. R. HARROLD THOMAS** begs to announce his removal to No. 19, Old Bond Street, Piccadilly.

**ORGANIST.**—The office of Organist of the Church of Saint James, Bermondsey, Surrey, having become vacant, the Trustees of such church will meet at the Workhouse in Russell-street, on Thursday the 3rd of May next, at Eleven o'clock in the morning, precisely, to receive applications, with testimonials, from persons desirous of becoming candidates for the appointment, and to have interviews with them. The Salary is £40 per annum, payable quarterly. No blind person or female is considered capable of the duties. Further particulars may be known at the Clerk's Office, 185, Bermondsey-street.—By order of the Trustees, B. and G. Daww, Clerks.

**TO COUNTRY PROFESSORS.**—An Associate and Professor of the Royal Academy of Music, who has been several years engaged at the Philharmonic Societies, Royal Italian Opera, &c., and who has a moderate practice as a Teacher of the Piano and Harmony, is desirous (on account of ill health) to remove into the country, and would be glad to purchase a connection or a partnership, or to exchange connections on reciprocal terms.—Address B, at the office of this paper.

**SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI** beg to announce that their Annual Concert will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Wednesday evening, May 16th, 1855. Tickets, 7s., to be had at the principal Music-sellers, Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., to be had only at Signor and Madame Ferrari's residence, 69, Upper Norton-street, Portland-place.

**ST. MARTIN'S HALL.**—**MR. ALFRED MELLON** respectfully announces that his SECOND GRAND ORCHESTRAL UNION CONCERT will take place at the above Hall on Monday evening, May 7th.

**MR. AGUILAR** begs to announce that he has arranged with the Directors of the Royal Opera, to give his Annual Concert at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, on Wednesday evening, May 2nd.

**MRS. JOHN MACFARREN** has the honour to announce that her TWO ANNUAL MATINEES OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the New Beethoven Rooms, Saturdays, May 19 and June 16, when she will be assisted by M. Sauton, Signor Piatti, and other distinguished artists. Double subscriptions, £1 1s.; single tickets, 7s., to be had at Ebers's Library, Old Bond-street, and of Mrs. John Macfarren, 40, Stanhope-street, Gloucester-gate, Regent's-park.

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**MR. WM. STERNDAL BENNETT** respectfully announces that the THIRD and LAST of his PERFORMANCES OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday evening, May 1, to commence at half-past 8. Tickets, 10s. 6d. (to subscribers, 7s.); Family Tickets, to admit three, 21s.; to be had of Mr. W. S. Bennett, 15, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square; of Messrs. Leader and Cook, 63, New Bond-street; and of the principal music-sellers.

**SIR HENRY B. BISHOP.**—**MR. MITCHELL** feels extreme regret in announcing that the increasing illness of this esteemed Composer renders it unavoidably necessary to shorten the intended SEASON SERIES OF AFTERNOON VOCAL CONCERTS. Arrangements are consequently made for giving THREE CONCERTS ONLY; the first of which will take place at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS, on Saturday next, April 28, commencing at half-past Three o'clock, and terminating before Five. The Concert will consist of Glee, Quartettes, and Concerted Music, by Men Voices, selected solely from Sir Henry Bishop's numerous Compositions, and executed in the most efficient manner by Messrs Cooke, Sullivan, Malsch and Norton, Mr. Francis, Mr. Benson, Mr. Lawler, Mr. Howe, Mr. H. Buckland, and Mr. Land, who will preside at the Pianoforte, and a complete Chorus. Reserved Numbered Stalls, Five Shillings; Unreserved Seats, Three Shillings. Programmes and Books of the Words, price Sixpence, may be had at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; of Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co., Cheapside; and at the principal Libraries and Music-sellers.

**THE CHORAL SCHOOL**, under the direction of Mr. FREDERICK KINGSBURY, is established for the especial purpose of Training Amateurs in Choral Effects. As the Classes are now in course of formation, application to join should be made immediately to the Director, 13, Cecil-street, Strand.

**NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.**—

Wednesday, April 25, under the immediate PATRONAGE of Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN, and their Imperial Majesties the EMPEROR and EMPRESS of the FRENCH, who have been pleased to grant their especial Patronage to the PERFORMANCE in AID of the FUNDS of the HOSPITAL for CONSUMPTION, Brompton, on which occasion BEETHOVEN'S GRAND CHORAL SYMPHONY will be performed. Vocalists—Mad. Clara Novello, Mad. Dianelli Lewis, Miss Corelli, Herr Reichardt, and Sig. Bolletti. Pianoforte—Master John Barnett. Chorus of 300 voices. Conductor—Dr. Wyld. Stall tickets, numbered, £1 1s.; West Gallery, 10s. 6d.; may be had at Messrs. Cramer, Beale and Co.'s and at the Hospital.

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17.	— Zampa et Fia Diavolo, ditto .. .. .	2	0
18.	Rosellen—Rose de Peronne, ditto .. .. .	2	0
19.	— Ernani, ditto .. .. .	2	0
20.	— La Sonnambula, ditto .. .. .	2	0
21.	Streich—Les Hironnelles .. .. .	2	0
22.	— N'effeuillez pas les Roses .. .. .	2	0
23.	Quidant—Mazurka .. .. .	2	0
24.	— Amazone, Etude .. .. .	2	0
25.	Ravina—Sicilienne .. .. .	2	0
26.	— [Mouvement Perpetuel .. .. .	2	0

### THIRD SERIES—(A popular style).

27.	Beyer—Bouquet de Melodies:—	1	6
28.	1. Norma de Bellini .. .. .	1	6
29.	2. Favorite de Donizetti .. .. .	1	6
30.	3. Sonnambula de Bellini .. .. .	1	6
31.	4. Linda de Donizetti .. .. .	1	6
32.	5. Otello de Rossini .. .. .	1	6
33.	6. Ernani de Verdi .. .. .	1	6
34.	— Lucresia Borgia, Fantaisie .. .. .	1	0
35.	— Sonnambula, Petite do. .. .. .	1	6
36.	— Krieger's Lust de Gung'l .. .. .	1	0
37.	Voss—Carnaval de Venise .. .. .	1	6
38.	— Une petite Fleur .. .. .	1	6
39.	Toujours à toi, Réverie .. .. .	1	6

### FOURTH SERIES—(For the Drawing-Room).

40.	Wely—La R. traite Militaire .. .. .	1	0
41.	— Les Cloches du Monastère .. .. .	1	0
42.	— Wallace—Gondola .. .. .	1	0
43.	Talcky—Mazurka brillante .. .. .	1	0
44.	— Rosellen—Réverie in G. ♯ .. .. .	1	0
45.	Osborne—Mendelssohn, 1st Violon .. .. .	1	6
46.	— Mendelssohn, Cradle Song .. .. .	1	6
47.	— La Brise, Melodie .. .. .	1	6
48.	Goria—Nocturne .. .. .	1	0
49.	— Olga Mazurka .. .. .	1	0
50.	Kruger—Gazelle Impromptu .. .. .	1	0
51.	Dohler—Nocturne, Op. 24 .. .. .	1	0

### FIFTH SERIES—(A popular style).

52.	Oesten—Rigoletto, Fantaisie .. .. .	1	6
53.	— Luisa Miller, do. .. .. .	1	6
54.	— Battaglia di Legnano, do. .. .. .	1	6
55.	— La Sonnambula, do. .. .. .	1	6
56.	— Lucresia Borgia, do. .. .. .	1	6
57.	— Linda di Chamouni, do. .. .. .	1	6
58.	— Gondolier .. .. .	1	0
59.	Plachy:—		
60.	1. Vi ravviso .. .. .	1	6
61.	2. Ah non giungo .. .. .	1	0
62.	3. Come per me sereno .. .. .	1	6
63.	4. Tutto è sciolto .. .. .	1	0
64.	Hertz—Polonaise, Linda .. .. .	1	6

### SIXTH SERIES—(For the Drawing-Room).

65.	Giardi—Luisella, Mazurka .. .. .	1	0
66.	Cometant—Réverie maritime .. .. .	1	0
67.	— Sympathie .. .. .	1	0
68.	— Raphael, Nocturne .. .. .	1	0

69.	Quidant—Souvenir du Petit Enfant .. .. .	1	0
70.	— Ravina—Sylvia, Nocturne .. .. .	1	0
71.	— Cramer—Le Désir .. .. .	1	0
72.	— Les Regrets .. .. .	1	0
73.	— Leduc—Châtelaine, Fantasia .. .. .	2	0
74.	— Nordmann—Ghost scene .. .. .	2	0
75.	— Greek Pirate's Chorus .. .. .	2	0
76.	— Gollmick—Europa Galop .. .. .	2	0

### SEVENTH SERIES—(Operatic Selections, &c.)

77.	Cramer—Potpourris:—	1	6
78.	1. Stradella, Flotow .. .. .	1	6
79.	2. Lucresia Borgia, Donizetti .. .. .	1	6
80.	3. Anna Bolina, do. .. .. .	1	6
81.	4. File du Régiment, do. .. .. .	1	6
82.	5. Elisire d'Amore, do. .. .. .	1	6
83.	6. Martha, Flotow .. .. .	1	6
84.	7. Luisa Miller, Verdi .. .. .	1	6
85.	8. Battaglia di Legnano, do. .. .. .	2	0
86.	9. La Sonnambula, Bellini .. .. .	1	6
87.	— Rosellen—Norma, Fantasia .. .. .	1	6
88.	— Anna Bolina, do. .. .. .	1	6
89.	— La Straniera, do. .. .. .	1	6

### EIGHTH SERIES—(For the Drawing-Room).

90.	Charles Voss—Premier Valse .. .. .	2	0
91.	— Neuland—Jet de Perles, Polka .. .. .	1	6
92.	— Ravina—Camille, Ronde .. .. .	1	6
93.	— Thérèse, Divertissement .. .. .	1	6
94.	— Un Jour d'Été .. .. .	1	6
95.	Rosellen—Milanaise .. .. .	2	0
96.	— Réveries, Book 1 .. .. .	2	0
97.	— Ditto, Book 2 .. .. .	2	0
98.	— Leduc—Allemande .. .. .	1	6
99.	— La Française .. .. .	1	6
100.	— La Gitana, Valse .. .. .	1	6
101.	— Gabrielle, Etude .. .. .	1	6

### NINTH SERIES—(Lieder ohne Worte).

102.	Jullig—Liebesfrühling:—	1	0
103.	1. Sehnsucht an Marie .. .. .	1	0
104.	2. Innige Bitte .. .. .	1	0
105.	3. Schmerz .. .. .	1	0
106.	4. Gebet eines unglücklich .. .. .	1	0
107.	5. Wehmuth .. .. .	1	0
108.	6. Maria's Bild .. .. .	1	0

### TENTH SERIES—(Six Operatic Gems).

109.	Rockstro—Il mio tesoro, Don Juan .. .. .	1	0
110.	— Dital belta, Faust .. .. .	1	0
111.	— Mafio Orini, Lucresia .. .. .	1	0
112.	— Casta Diva, Norma .. .. .	1	0
113.	— Come Rugiada, Ernani .. .. .	1	0
114.	— D'un pensiero, Sonnambula .. .. .	1	0

### ELEVENTH SERIES—(For the Drawing Room).

115.	Frudel—Chant des Croates .. .. .	1	0
116.	— Blumenfest—Luisa Miller .. .. .	1	0
117.	— Goria—Premier Etude de Concert .. .. .	1	0
118.	— Dreychock—Buetto .. .. .	1	0
119.	— Gollmick—Le Rêve .. .. .	2	0
120.	— Ethiopien Caprice .. .. .	2	0

### TWELFTH SERIES—(Jules Schulhoff).

121.	Schulhoff—Galop di Bravura .. .. .	2	0
122.	— Vittoria, Valse .. .. .	1	6
123.	— Carnaval de Venise .. .. .	2	0
124.	— Chanson à Boire .. .. .	1	6
125.	— Romance, Op. 2 .. .. .	1	0
126.	— Souvenir de Varsovie, Mazurka .. .. .	1	0

### THIRTEENTH SERIES—(Frederick Chopin).

127.	Chopin—Nocturne, Op. 9, Nos. 1 and 2 .. .. .	1	6
128.	— Ditto, Op. 9, No. 3 .. .. .	1	6
129.	— Mazurkas, Op. 6, first set .. .. .	1	6
130.	— Ditto, Op. 6, second set .. .. .	1	6
131.	— Nocturne, F Minor .. .. .	1	0
132.	— Invitation à la Valse .. .. .	1	6

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